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SKIN TWO

ISSUE 16

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SPIKE OUT!

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RUBBER BALL

FASHION BY CARRARO/CADAVER

KINKY FILMS: A VOYEUR'S GUID

KENNETH ANGER ● GENITORTURERS LIV

JOLA JAMES ● ROBERT BLUE ● ALICE IN FURS ● BAR-MANGLED SPANI

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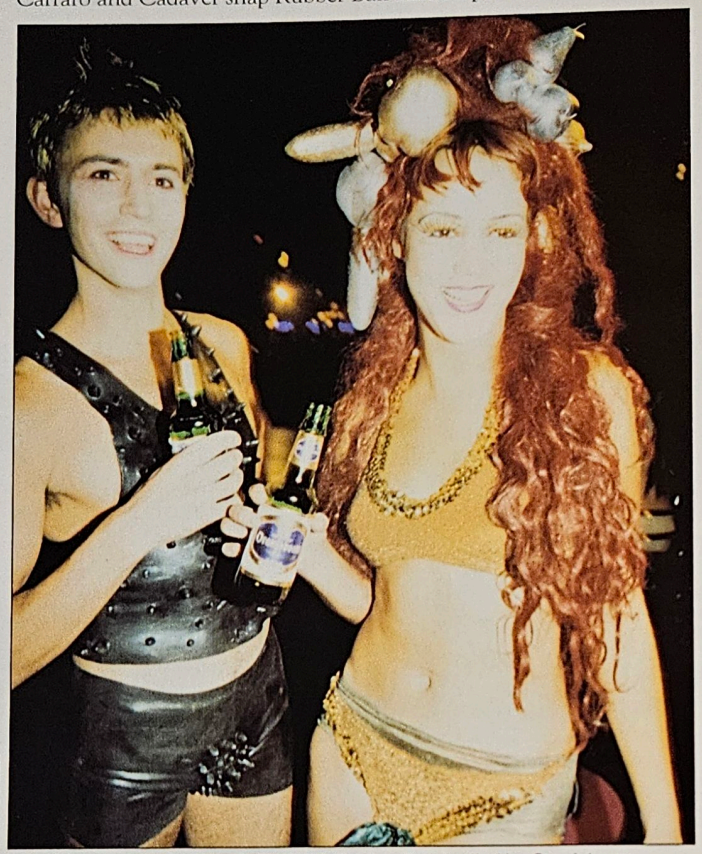

Mark Beltran

300 volunteers staffed the SKIN TWO Rubber Ball, fuelled by Oranjeboom

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COVER PHOTO: Carraro/Cadaver. Models: Polly Whelan, Fabien Wildcat. Clothes: Craig Morrison. Corset: Dane. Hair extension: Antenna. Body jewellery: Wildcat. Taken at the SKIN TWO Rubber Ball.

EDITORIAL

If you were not one of the three thousand revellers at the last SKIN TWO Rubber Ball, you may well have been one of the thousand or so at Marquis Masquerade on the same night. That's not in London or New York – that's in Nottingham. You might have been at Intrigue in Liverpool, de Sade in Weston-Super-Mare, Sofia in Southampton, or Stimulation in Hull. Like their friends in the USA and Germany, pervs are coming out all over Britain. Good news? Well, there has been conflict and two rounds were fought recently.

At the recent Dungeon in the Sky event, the University of London was packed with pierced pervs, rubber pervs, bondage pervs, male, female, gay and straight, out in force. Two senior officers from Scotland Yard's Community Affairs Branch came along to meet us. They were graduates. They were courteous. We were happy to talk to them. A few days later, at Whiplash Club, a couple of hundred fetishists were enjoying a quiet beer and showing off their rubber frocks. The flow of music and conversation was shattered as a gang of police broke down the door with heavy industrial hammers.

The door at Whiplash has hinges and a handle. You or I would probably have knocked, stepped in and said 'Good evening' or something. The police had dogs, flak jackets (!) and a contingent of press reporters in tow. What on earth was going on? Well, a till roll is alleged to show that a drink was served a couple of minutes after time. That's about it, really. Everyone trailed off home and no-one has been charged with any crime – yet. One senior officer later informally blamed the 'cock-up factor'. Let's hope that the affair fades into oblivion. Cross your fingers and call round one a draw.

Sebastian recently had a birthday party at home for his wife Caroline. Wine and conversation flowed. We chatted to a friendly Australian woman, accompanied by a seedy bloke. Much later, Seb and Caroline were putting some pervy equipment to good use in their bedroom. Well, they have been married for years, so you wouldn't think it would make the papers. "Man and Wife Have Fun in Bedroom". Not much of a headline, really.

So it was a bolt from the blue when the call came to the school, where Seb had been happily teaching for years, asking what they thought of a teacher having "orgies" in his home. Yes, seedy bloke was a News of the World reporter. The following Sunday, a salacious report of the party appeared. The Chairman of the Board of Governors sensibly recommended filing the News of the World in the bin. Seb was cheered. Then letters arrived from parents, who did not want their children taught by this man. Several other teachers decided that they could no longer work with Seb, citing their religious faith in defence of their action to end the career of a colleague! Seb resigned and the kids have lost a dedicated teacher. Round two to the forces of evil.

Bad news? Well, teachers are easy targets for the ruthless tabloid hack. Yet we so *nearly* won round two. Only a few chose to let Sebastian down. The clubs are expanding, some police are trying to improve relations with the fetish world. We're making progress. It's more important than ever not to let the bastards grind you down.

See you at your local fetish club!

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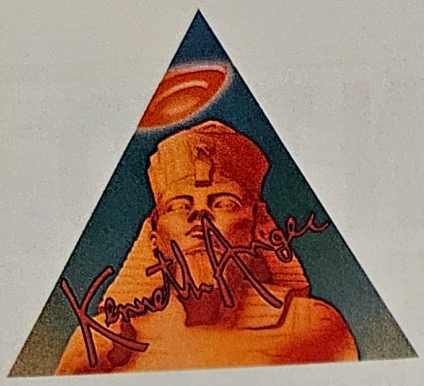
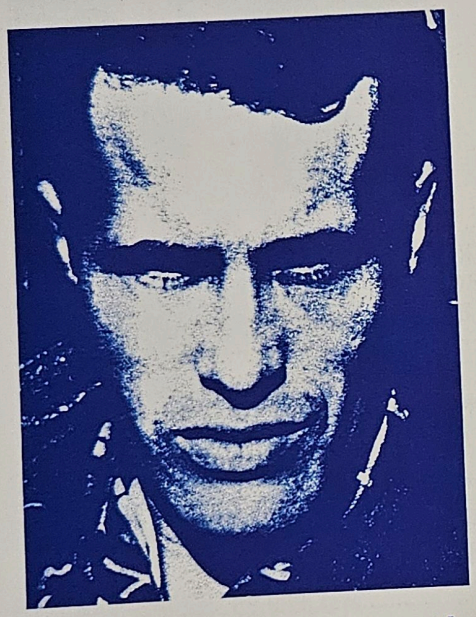


LUCIFE

REBEKAH WOOD PROFILES SEMINAL UNDERGRO

Evil, violence, sado-masochism, magic and Hollywood are Kenneth Anger's fascinations. Even as the subversive alternative to Hollywood, his films express a continuous love/hate for 'Illusion City'. An Anger film is a narcotic which inflames the willing, unnerves the liberal and upsets the authorities.

Anger's films have been burnt, banned, lost, stolen, revised, withdrawn, sold into private collections and frequently abandoned for lack of money. The nine films currently on release comprise just over three hours. But their influence, impact and durability is staggering.



His movies, among the most visually lavish and sensual of all avant-garde films, are strongly influenced by his childhood. Born and raised around Hollywood, he took tap lessons with Shirley Temple and was the changeling Prince in Max Reinhardt's 1935 *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. "I'd be a willing slave to Jack Warner to this day," he says, half-jokingly. But Anger's option was never renewed.

Then there were the books! Subscribing to Oscar Wilde's adage that 'there's nothing else to do with gossip but spread it', Anger penned *Hollywood Babylon*, and lifted the lid on some of the worst tragedies and most outlandish sex-scandals ever to hit Tinseltown. "Hollywood became a synonym of Sin…a New Babylon whose evil influence rivalled the legendary depravity of the old," he said.

And Anger himself became part of its myth. "As a child, I felt a terrible need for love, and there was a terrible lack. My family offered nothing, and so I found love vicariously, in violence."

Anger's career went dramatically public in 1947 with *Fireworks*, a poetic, chaotic, carnally graphic dreamscape filled with muscle-bound sailors. Encountering the sailors, a dreamer (Anger, stunning at 17) asks for 'a light'. What he receives is a ritual beating with chains. Through the editing, Anger makes careful use of off-screen looks and movements, co-ordinating seperate shots to create a sense of continuity and space, beyond the film frame. This is particularily effective in creating the suggestion of extreme violence. The transformation of pain into pleasure is sublime. The rite of passage is complete, the dreaming victim's blood-soaked body is cleansed in a frozen wave of white fluid.

What stands out about *Fireworks* is the accelerated beauty of its imagery; and the wit, control and maturity of treatment. In terms of comtemporary reaction to homosexuality, let alone to any presentation of sado-masochistic homo-eroticism, the film was unbelievably daring.

Fireworks was shown in France at the festival of 'Damned Films'. Jean Cocteau, primarily responsible for the film's receiving an award, sent Anger a fan letter. Frustrated by the confiscation of *The Love That Whirls* – retained by the Eastman-Kodak developing plant, on the grounds that male nudity constituted 'lewdness'; infuriated by the impossibility of realising *Puce Women* ("that was my love affair with mythical Hollywood. A straight heterosexual love affair with the goddesses of the silent screen"); but encouraged by Cocteau, Anger left California for Paris, where, essentially, he was to remain for the next ten years. There, he met Sartre, Piaf, Coco Chanel and Anaïs Nin, who appears in *Inauguaration of the Pleasure Dome*.

Rabbit's Moon, 1950, filmed in Paris, is one of Anger's most poignant films. Dealing with the classical theme of unobtainable love and re-creating the glittering fake-forest of Reinhardt's *Dream*, the film is bathed in a spectral blue wash which reflected Anger's own suicidal depression. "I was very discouraged. My alchemical experiments were blowing up rather than producing the mythic gold."

But during a brief visit to Italy, Anger shot *Eaux d'Artifice*: hide and seek in a baroque maze of stone stairways, fountains, gargoyles and balustrades, with a circus dwarf to exaggerate the grandiose formality of the Tivoli gardens. The entire film is deep blue, achieved in the printing through the use of a filter. As with *Fireworks* and *Rabbit's Moon*, this exquisitely shot, brilliantly edited nocturne centres simply on the theme of desire. Anger describes it as "dreams about myself going out into the night, searching in the moonlight, waiting for something to happen in the dark."

Arguably, cinema history began with the extraordinary illlusions of the magician Georges Méliès, whose cinematic sleights-of-hand yet defy explanation. As with Jarman in *Jubilee* and Welles in *F For Fake*, Anger sees the film-maker as a magician. Naturally, Anger goes further. For him, making a movie is "casting a spell". He claims "Magick" as his life work and dubs his oeuvre "The Magic Lantern Cycle". All Anger's films are evocations or invocations of primal forces designed to act as a printed circuit between the corporeal and the spirit worlds. Magick, with a K, is the performance of a ritual which summons the aspirant's Guardian Angel, or higher self.

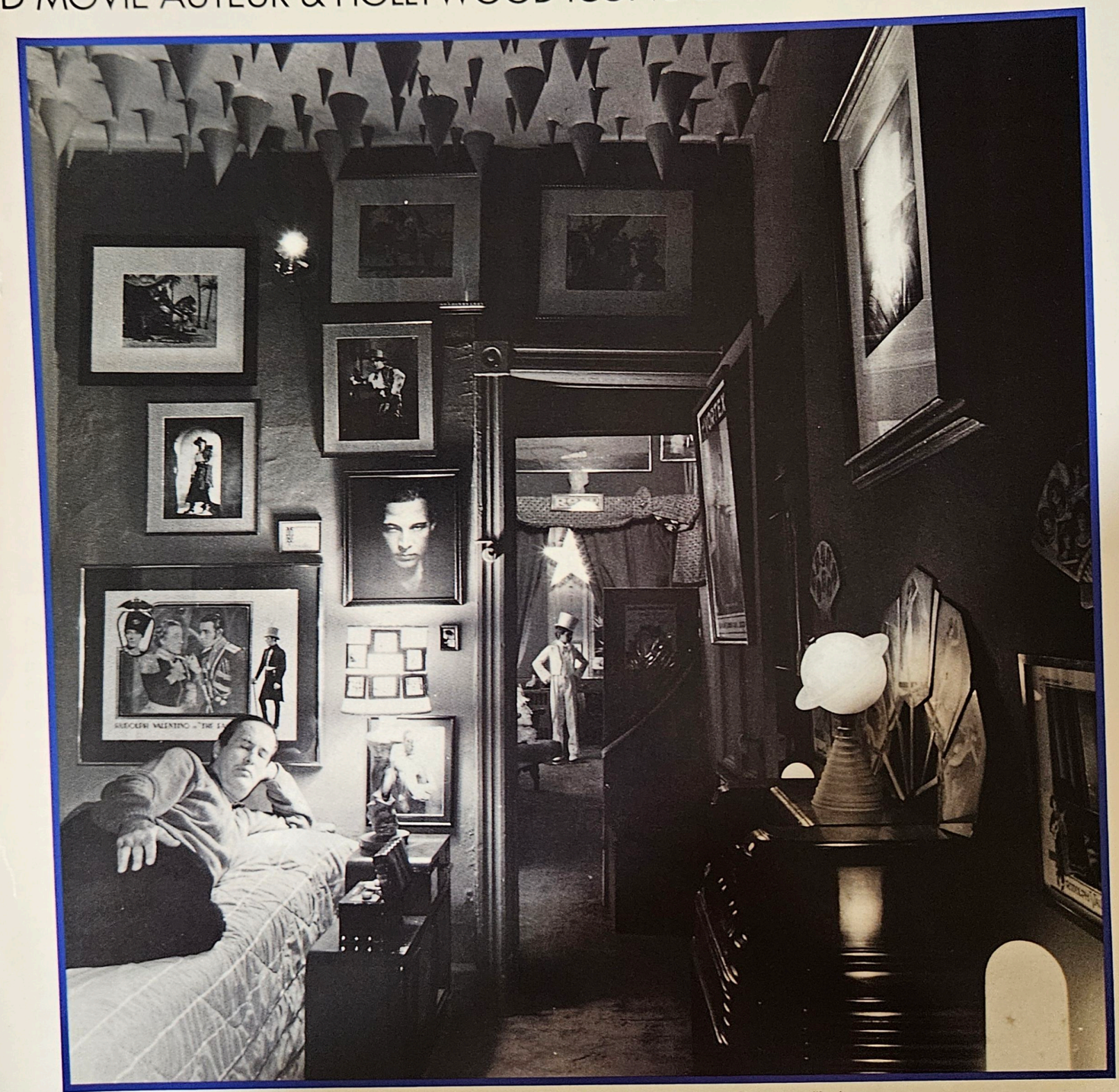
"I have studied ritual magic. It's more than study. It's my avocation. I would like to be a Magus." Make no mistake, there's one product Anger's selling: Aleister Crowley. The Beast, as he was called – and loved it! – saw himself as Satan's ally, in whose 'sex-magick rituals' he was enthusiastically athletic. The influence of

"My films are primarily concerned with sexuality. My reason for filming has nothing to do with cinema; it's a transparent excuse for capturing people, the equivalent of saying come up and see my etchings…' it's wearing a little thin now…so I consider myself to be working evil in an evil medium."

– Kenneth Anger, *Hollywood Babylon*

R RISING

UND MOVIE AUTEUR & HOLLYWOOD ICONOCLAST KENNETH ANGER



Anger in 1989, relaxing at home among his collection of Hollywood memorabilia. Note the Craig Morrison-style spiky ceiling!

Crowley, self-styled magician, poet, pornographer, drug expert – all-round English gent – is apparent in every Anger film and book. Over the years, Anger has spoken repeatedly of his desire to make a full-length film about Crowley's life. He came closest to realising this with *Thelema Abbey*.

In 1955, Anger travelled to Cefalu in Sicily, in order to restore and make a documentary on Crowley's erotic frescos, painted on the walls of what had been his magical Temple of Thelema. The name, taken from Rabelais' *Gargantua*, provides the key: a mystical place of abandon and licence whose rule was 'do as you like', (Crowley's 'do as thou wilt'). Some 20-odd years after Crowley, his surviving disciples and impressive home-pharmacy had been unceremoniously booted off the island by Mussolini, the paintings were miraculously still there. Anger described it as one of the most exciting events of his life.

"It took months to uncover the paintings. They were similar in feel to the painting of the Belgian Symbolist,

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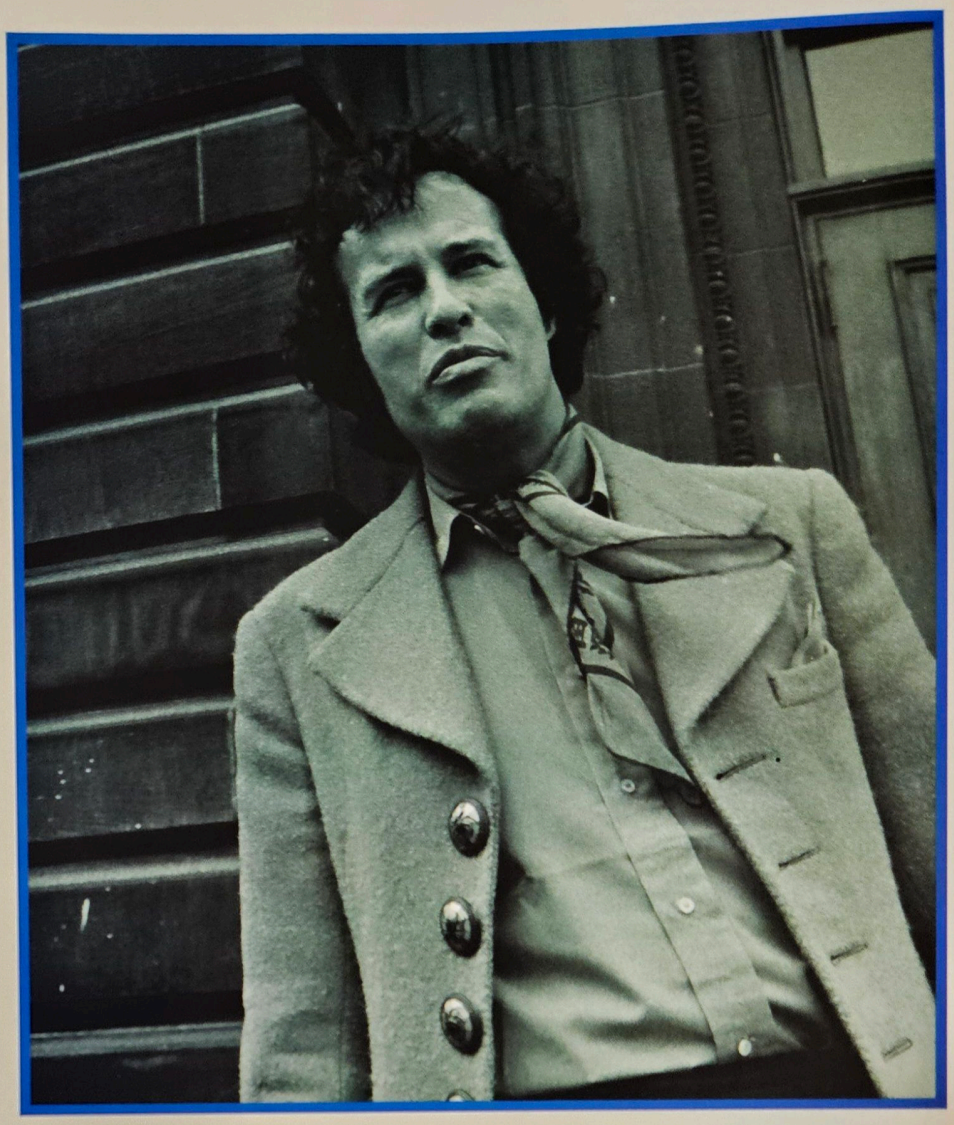


Right: Anger outside Carnegie Hall, 1973
Facing page: scene from the unfinished Story of O. *Probably the most interesting and overtly erotic text Anger has ever undertaken, it starred the daughter of a French politician and was partly financed by money that turned out to be the proceeds of a kidnapping. When these things came to light, filming came to an instant halt*

Ensor…Sex-magick murals, hyper-pyschedelic images of goblins, demons, goats and half-human creatures in fabulous colours like scarlet and pumpkin-orange."

Probably the most interesting and overtly erotic text Anger has ever undertaken was a film version of *L'Histoire d'O* by 'Pauline Réage' (Dominique Aury). "It was a sado-masochistic fairy tale, elegantly written and entirely implausible. I knew I could make an interesting film. I got permission to use the text. And some money. But not enough to see the whole thing through."

The novel remains the outstanding, underground classic. Its direct style; its curious independence of time, place and personality; its labyrinthine legend draw the reader into a clandestine society bound by formality and mutually complicit dedication to the ultimate pleasures of sado-masochism. The novel was first circulated, furtively, in Paris, in 1954. It was published by Jean-Jacques Pauvert, who also published the first edition of *Hollywood Babylon*. Pauvert went on to gain notoriety during a protracted censorship battle with the Chambre Correctionelle over his publications of Sade.

Story of O was never completed and may have been the reason for Anger's hasty retreat from Paris in 1960. "I was given financial help from the boyfriend of the girl I'd cast as O. It turned out that this money was the proceeds from the kidnapping of Eric Peugeot, the grandson of the auto magnate. I knew nothing about this. But I found out in a very abrupt manner. We were arrested and I was questioned about the money being used for my film. The girl playing O was also the daughter of a French politician. When these things came to light, filming came to an instant halt."

In 1963, Anger made *Scorpio Rising*, probably the most widely seen film in the history of the avant garde. *Scorpio* marks Anger's change from idealistic film-poet to apocalyptic social diarist. No other experimental film has had a comparable effect on Hollywood production. Anger explained the eighth sign: "Scorpio is the sign that governs death, sexuality and machines. So there's a direct connection with motorcycles, weapons, the mechanical aspect. *Scorpio Rising* was meant to be dark and mysterious, like flames in the night."

Scorpio Rising is a delirious overview of politics, religion and the myth of the Hell's Angel – abrasively incorporating images of Brando and Dean – in which all value systems are equated, then negated. The film is deeply nihilistic and, even in its formal structure, intensely masochistic. The masochistic value of the scorpion lies not only in its scriptural context, of painful scourge.

Scorpio is built on the ironic interaction of 13 pop songs with 13 episodes taken from the life of a Coney Island motorcycle-gang. It opens in low-light blue haze, with images of bike-parts, glittering mirrors, shining chrome fenders: a ritual of unveiling and greasing which then extends to the torso of the biker – Thanatos in busting jeans and black leather. 'She Wore Blue Velvet' ambiguously underscores the scene.

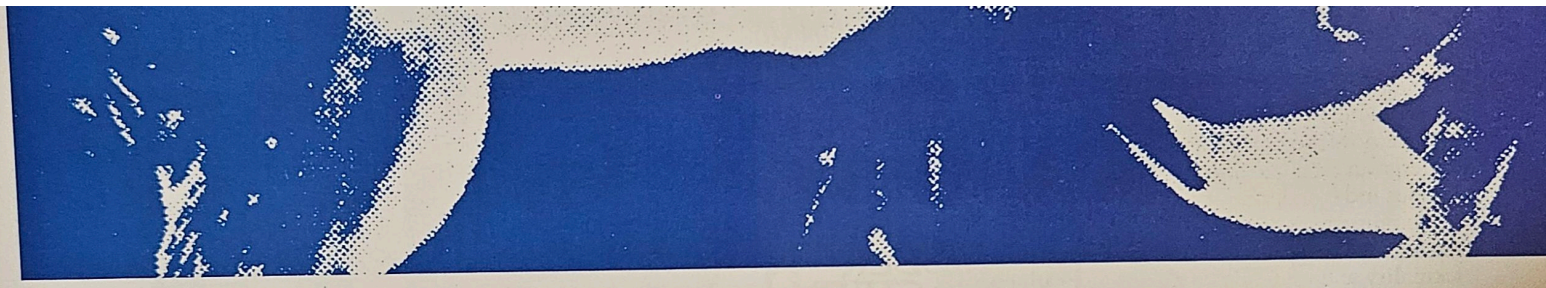
Near-subliminal frames of one bare-chested cyclist cut to the crotch of another. Similar suggestions of fellatio occur throughout the film. A Grim Reaper figure, hooded in black velvet, surveys the cyclist as the lyrics *'My boyfriend's back and there's gonna be trouble…'* prophesy disaster.

As one song ends and the next begins, there's a dramatic flash, a detonation image: Scorpio snorting coke from a bottle labelled 'poison' fuses with a burst of red, and the song 'Heatwave' kicks in. The film accelerates at every song transition. The cycle gang, gathering for a Halloween party, is set against footage from *The Road to Jerusalem*, a C-grade religious epic mysteriously delivered to Anger's door by mistake. The scenes are intercut to look as if Christ is supervising the fun. Scorpio, summoning the cyclists to a death-race, is shown leaping on his motorcycle, as Christ mounts a donkey. Gun-toting Scorpio reaches the height of his demonic possession, consecrating the altar of a (real) church with a spray of piss.

In the film's hectic final sequence, the editing is at its most dynamic – shots of nazi parade-troops, Christ and his disciples, the beginning of the new race, flags, swastikas and Catholic icons are intercut, counterpointed by the song 'The Point of No Return'. Scorpio, in collision-drive, speeds the film towards its climax/crash-ending: 'Wipe Out'.

In the face of a full-frontal hard-on, mustard being slapped over genitals, a bare-assed cyclist scored with deep, red whip-whelts, it's hardly surprising that *Scorpio Rising* was banned. During an initial run on the West Coast, the Los Angeles Police Department seized the film. Later, in a landmark ruling by the California Supreme Court, the ban was revoked, because *Scorpio Rising* had 'redeeming artistic merit'.

Martin Scorsese's viewing of *Scorpio Rising* in a New York loft revolutionised his ideas about the use of soundtrack music. "Of all his films, it's the one I like the most. I was impressed by his ironic use of pop music and by his sense of rythm. I was fascinated by his ambiguous relationship to Hollywood, expressed through the use and abuse of its imagery in a Romantic Decadent mood.



There's a pagan religiosity in all his films. His continuous reference to myth and ritual creates a hypnotising, a dream atmosphere that seems to put the viewer into a state of trance." Scorcese – alone in paying public tribute to Anger – has made pop music an intergral part of his films, notably in *Good Fellas*. In its stifling Catholicism and crises of machismo, played out in the streets of Little Italy, *Mean Streets* also, echoed the intensity of Anger's own observations of American Youth. It is in Anger's work that popular culture and raw sexuality first found a place on the big screen.

David Lynch's perverse *Blue Velvet* can only be described as Angeresque. Fassbinder's last erotic masterpiece, *Querelle*, with its exotic colour/light values, is '50s-Hollywood-meets-Kenneth-Anger. Such films as *The Wild Angels*, *Midnight Cowboy*, and *American Graffiti* are all part of Scorpio's ripple effect. *Electroglide in Blue* and more recently Kathryn Bigelow's high-style homage to the Harley Davidson, *The Loveless*, feature precise reconstructions of Scorpio's homo-erotic dressing adagio.

The ceremonious preening and preparation of boy, and of bike by boy, are a set of iconic images, literally blueprinted by Anger, images which have been ripped-off by every successive ad agency, pop promo video producer and cult movie director.

Late in 1964, on the strength of *Scorpio Rising*, Anger sped to the West Coast, with grand schemes for what was to be a logical extension of *Scorpio Rising*: *Kustom Kar Kommandos*. The fumes from the first Human Be-In at Golden Gate Park were intoxicating half California. Haight Ashbury, then a backwater in the San Francisco Hills, was the centre of the biggest blast of psychedelic consciousness before or since. Charles Manson was getting The Family together.

Amidst these explosions, *Kustom Kar Kommandos*, as a full scale project, fell by the wayside. What remains is the definitive eroticisation of the autmobile, a pink hymn to the hot-rod car, a three-minute fragment on bright pastels of exceptional beauty and technical skill, which, according to Anger, is "…an evocation of Mae West in her Diamond Lil impersonations of the 1930s".

For the second time in his career, Anger wrought an enormous personal change, from Scorpio Rising's oneiric vision of America, to aggressive insistence on his chosen quest: the search for Lucifer. And he found him in beautiful, bi-sexy Bobby K Beausoleil. Anger said, "It was like playing at something and having it become alarmingly real. I was confronted by the very flesh and blood – a handsome Devil."

By 1967, the *Lucifer*-project was taking shape and Anger was living in San Franscisco with Beausoleil at the mansion known as 'The Russian Embassy'. In September, Anger organised a celebration of the Equinox of the Gods, a wild piece of theatre (spiked with enough LSD to paralyse a herd of elephant) which descended into total chaos. During the evening, the edited rushes of *Lucifer Rising* were stolen. Anger accused Beausoleil.

"Bobby fulfilled the role of a demon in real life, stealing everything he could get his hands on: the box office receipts, my car, most of my film (he overlooked a few scraps in the cutting-bin) and drove off into the sunset. Unfortunately for him, a few miles from the Spahn Ranch, the car broke down. A Magickal coincidence – or instant Karma – if you will."

More probably, Beausoleil had made the connection with Manson through music. But the outcome's the same. Beausoleil is currently serving life for the murder of Gary Hinman.

Following the theft of *Lucifer Rising*, Anger took out, in New York's *Village Voice*, a black-bordered, full page advertisement which read: *In Memoriam – Kenneth Anger– Film-maker 1947-1967*. This exorcism performed, Anger – far from abandoning film-making – entered a highly productive phase: moving to England, editing *Rabbit's Moon* which had been left in Paris all those years, reissuing *Puce Moment*, the surviving fragment of *Puce Women*, with a new sound track, and editing the remains of *Lucifer*, eventually released as *Invocation of My Demon Brother*, with music by Mick Jagger. "The Demon Brother is the eidolon, or secret double who, demon or angel, is the part of you that's needed to become complete."

Invocation featured Bobby Beausoleil and

CONTINUES OVER

Scorpio Rising: Bruce Byron, above, as horny leather-devil Scorpio; below: Jettisoundz' UK video box art

the 'Black Pope', Anton La Vey. It is Anger's most metaphysical, demonic and technically complex film. Abandoning all literal connections, the images collide in a vortex of black and gold: writhing torsos of naked men, a magic ritual, occult tattoos, footage from the Rolling Stones' 1969 Hyde Park concert and a helicopter dropping Marines into Vietnam are all intercut with equal weight.

Anger's historical insight is marked by his early recognition that rock and roll embodied the period's demonic energies and carried its most potent cultural messages, and by his attempt to appropriate it, especially in the image of Mick Jagger, who himself trafficked in the sexual doubleness and ambiguity which informs Anger's own, unique vocabulary of the demonic. But it was guitarist Keith Richards and his wife Anita Pallenberg whom Anger regarded as "the real occult unit of the Stones".

Anger lived with them at the Sussex mansion,'Redlands', throughout 1969. Said Richards: "If anybody's supposed to be the devil of Rock'n' Roll, that's a tag I've had to put up with more than anyone. Maybe that's why Kenneth liked to hang around with me. On the surface, he was very charming and unassuming. Later, I realised he had a will of steel and he'd follow his own vision wherever that took him. He tried to fix his obsession with Lucifer onto the Stones...maybe that's the time he met the devil and didn't like what he saw. Even Kenneth Anger doesn't know who the fuck the devil is."

It's always been rumoured that Anger was the inspiration for the song 'Sympathy For The Devil' – something which Richards comfirmed. "That has to be 90 percent accurate. Mick's no slouch either when it comes to picking up on things that are going on around him. Kenneth's the most logical source of influence. I always presumed that myself."

Anger began to formulate plans for *Lucifer* mark II, which was to feature both Jagger and Richards. The National Film Finance Corporation were persuaded to invest – prompting the outraged headline: *Devil Film to get State Aid*. In the event, Lucifer showed in the person of Leslie Huggins, a smouldering Anger doppelganger.

Shot on location in Egypt and Germany, using Anger's London apartment for interiors, the film features Marianne Faithful and director Donald Cammell (he of *Performance* fame). Anger moved back to New York in 1973 and edited a 25-minute version of *Lucifer Rising*, with music by Led Zeppelin guitarist Jimmy Page. After various disputes, Anger publicly fired Page. The current, 1981 version of *Lucifer Rising*, carries original music by Bobby Beausoleil.

Ironically, *Lucifer Rising* is neither dark nor demonic. It establishes an entirely new long-shot, long-take, static aesthetic. It focuses on a spectacular array of natural phenomena: volcanoes, sunrises, seascapes and wild animals.

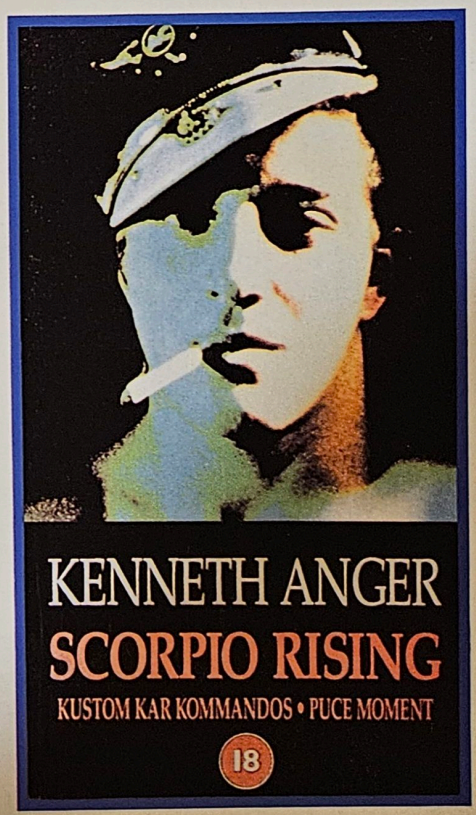
"Lucifer – the cosmic villain – is a bright god: the fallen angel who got kicked out of Heaven for playing the stereo too loud – all the colours, all the play of light, nothing to do with Satan. I realise I'm dealing with a subject many people find inflammatory. I hope so! I'm not making crowd-pleasers," says its director.

The devil has all the best tunes. Anger proves this time and time again. There's a lot of Blakean Evil in Anger's work. As for the other sort – who can say? Nothing Anger has created produces the darkness of mind that your everyday, brutal, self-indulgent commercial movie so often does. Financial disaster, theft and censorship – exacerbated by Anger's red-hot, Byronic temperament – have taken their toll.

But whether Kenneth Anger has mellowed in recent years...I doubt very much. A decade of keyhole-peaking onwards from *Hollywood Babylon II*, he's about to dish up another vitriolic bon-bon. Given the omnipresence of sleaze-press and the fact that Hollywood no longer cares to fabricate an entirely virginal image of itself, it seems unlikely that *Hollywood Babylon III* could have the shock value of its predecessors. But the scheduled inclusion of Sharon Tate police photos could cancel that thought. In the end, its Anger's style that sells. His bite is impossible to resist.

"I once defined Evil as motion pictures and I'm not ready to take that back. Evil is attractive and compelling: seduction by the unreal, which is glamorous but ultimately unsatisfying. I still love movies."❑

Thanks to Kenneth Anger, Martin Scorcese, Keith Richards



Lucifer Rising: detail from promotional still